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one desperate plunge to execute his tyrant's will, and fell—dead upon the pavement. "I think," said my companion, "that we have had a good lesson upon whips to-day; I should prefer any other gift for my little boy here; for though it may be urged that he, like the rest of his sex at the same age, would merely make a noise with a whip, and would inflict no serious pain, I am bound to bear in mind the actual fact, that with the very sound of a whip is associated in the imagination of all domesticated animals, the apprehension of pain; that they are *terrorized* when they hear that sound, even through a child's hand, and I must therefore conclude that this symbol of cruelty should not be his plaything." I agreed with him fully, and as our business lay in different directions, we parted at Blackfriar's Bridge, not, however, until my companion of the hour had handed me his card of address. This was an act of unexpected compliment which I could not return exactly in the same way; I told him that I had never written my name on a visiting card in my life, but that I was Martin Doyle, at his service, and a contributor to the new *Irish Penny Journal*, just started in Dublin. "Is not Dublin," said he, "in Ireland?" I stared. "I believe," added he, "that Ireland is a pretty place." I wished the geographical gentleman a rather hasty farewell.

As I walked on, I pondered on the many other instances in which the whip is an instrument of terror or tyranny. First, I thought of the Russian bride meekly offering a horsewhip to her lord, as the token of her submission to the infliction of his blows, whenever it might suit his temper to bestow such proofs of tenderness upon her, and of the perpetual system of flagellation, which, as we are told by travellers, is exercised in the dominions of the great autocrat upon wives, children, servants, and cattle. I thought of French postillions—flagellators of the first order, at least as far as "cracking" without intermission testifies; and, finally, of the British horse-racer.

Horses high in mettle, ardent in the course, without a stimulus of any kind, struggle neck and neck for victory; they approach the winning post; one jockey flogs more powerfully than his compeers; the agonized horse, in his fearful efforts, is lifted as it were from the ground, by two or three desperate twinings (the stabbing at the sides is but a variety of the torture) of the cutting whalebone round his flanks; and at the critical instant, making a bound, as it were, to escape from his half-flayed skin, throws his head forward in his effort, half a yard beyond that of his rival, who has had his share of torture too, and is declared the winner—of what?—a gold-handled prize-whip, which is borne away in triumph by the owner of the winning horse! To be sure, he pockets some of that which is so truly designated "the root of all evil;" but, the acquisition of the whip is the distinguishing honour.

And how does this whip in reality differ from any of the whips for a penny? It is of pure gold and whalebone; the others are but of painted stick and the cheapest leather; yet they are both but *playthings*—the one in the hand of a man who has spent, it may be, half his patrimony, and as much of his time in the endeavour to win it, while he attaches no real or intrinsic value to it afterwards; the other in the hand of the child, to whom it appears a real and substantial prize. The jockey-man is not a whit more rational in this respect than the boy who bestrides his hobby-horse, and flourishes his penny whip.

Then succeeded to my imagination a far more brutal scene, the *steep-chase*. A horse is overpowered in a deep and heavy fallow; he is flogged to press him through it; he reaches a break-neck wall; a desperate cut of the whip sends him flying over it; again and again he puts forth his strength and speed, and falls, and rises again at the instigation of the whip. He comes to a brook; it is too wide for his failing powers, and there is a rotten and precipitous bank at the other side; he shudders, and recoils a moment, but a tremendous lash, worse than the dread of drowning, and the goading of the spur, force him in desperation to the leap; his hind feet give way at the landing side; he falls backward; his spine is broken, and at length a pistol bullet ends his miseries.

In a word, the donation of "whips for a penny" to any child, fairly starts him on the first stage of cruelty; and if, from peculiarity of temperament or the restraining influence of the beneficent Creator (who, though he has allowed man to have dominion, and has put under his feet all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field, has withheld from him the authority to abuse his privilege), the child grows into the man who is merciful to his beast, the merit is not due to the injudicious person who first presents him with his mimic whip in infancy.

## THE WORLD'S CHANGES.

"Contarini Fleming wrote merely, *TIME*."—  
*D'Israeli the Younger.*

The Solemn Shadow that bears in his hands  
The conquering Scythe and the Glass of Sands,  
Paused once on his flight where the sunrise shone  
On a warlike city's towers of stone;  
And he asked of a panoplied soldier near,  
"How long has this fortress city been here?"  
And the man looked up, Man's pride on his brow—  
"The city stands here from the ages of old—  
And as it was then, and as it is now,  
So will it endure till the funeral kne"  
Of the world be knolled,  
As Eternity's annals shall tell."

And after a thousand years were o'er,  
The Shadow paused over the spot once more.  
And vestige was none of a city there,  
But lakes lay blue, and plains lay bare,  
And the marshalled corn stood high and pale,  
And a Shepherd piped of love in a vale.  
"How!" spake the Shadow, "can temple and tower  
Thus fleet, like mist, from the morning hour?"  
But the Shepherd shook the long locks from his brow—  
"The world is filled with sheep and corn;  
Thus was it of old, thus is it now,  
Thus, too, will it be while moon and sun  
Rule night and morn,  
For Nature and Life are one."

And after a thousand years were o'er,  
The Shadow paused over the spot once more.  
And lo! in the room of the meadow-lands  
A sea foamed far over saffron sands,  
And flashed in the noontide bright and dark,  
And a fisher was casting his nets from a bark;  
How marvelled the Shadow! "Where then is the plain?  
And where be the acres of golden grain?"  
But the fisher dashed off the salt spray from his brow—  
"The waters begirdle the earth alway,  
The sea ever rolled as it rolleth now:  
What babblest thou about grain and fields?  
By night and day  
Man looks for what Ocean yields."

And after a thousand years were o'er,  
The Shadow paused over the spot once more.  
And the ruddy rays of the eventide  
Were gilding the skirts of a forest wide;  
The moss of the trees looked old, so old!  
And valley and hill, the ancient mould  
Was robed in sward, an evergreen cloak;  
And a woodman sang as he felled an oak.  
Him asked the Shadow—"Rememberest thou  
Any trace of a Sea where wave those trees?"  
But the woodman laughed: Said he, "I trow,  
If oaks and pines do flourish and fall,  
It is not amid seas;—  
The earth is one forest all."

And after a thousand years were o'er,  
The Shadow paused over the spot once more.  
And what saw the Shadow? A city agen,  
But peopled by pale mechanical men,  
With workhouses filled, and prisons, and marts,  
And faces that spake exanimate hearts.  
Strange picture and sad! was the Shadow's thought;  
And, turning to one of the Ghostly, he sought  
For a clue in words to the When and the How  
Of the ominous Change he now beheld;  
But the man uplifted his care-worn brow—  
"Change? What was Life even but Conflict and Change?  
From the ages of old  
Hath affliction been widening its range."  
Enough! said the Shadow, and passed from the spot:—  
At last it is vanished, the beautiful youth  
Of the earth, to return with no To-morrow;  
All changes have chequered Mortality's lot;  
But this is the darkest—for Knowledge and Truth  
Are but golden gates to the Temple of Sorrow! M.